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At the mid hour of night, fail not to meet me here!

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Gothic Stories.

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FITZALAN:

THE ADVENTURE

JAMES III. OF SCOTLAND

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WEIRD SISTERS,

IN THE DREADFUL

WOOD OF BIRNAN:

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RAYMOND CASTLE:

THE

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AND

MARY, A FRAGMENT.

Third Edition, with Additions.

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THE STORY OF *SIR BERTRAND.*

By Mrs. BARBAULD.

——— SIR Bertrand turned his ſteed toward the wolds, hoping to croſs thoſe dreary moors before the curfew tolled. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracts; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to eſpy any object but the brown heath ſurrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he ſhould direct his courſe. Night overtook him in this ſituation. It was one of thoſe nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a louring ſky. Now and then ſhe ſuddenly emerged in full ſplendor from her veil; and then inſtantly retired behind it, having juſt ſerved to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide-extended proſpect over the deſolate waſte. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to puſh forward; but at length, the encreaſing darkneſs, and fatigue of body and mind, overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he ſtood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs; and, alighting from his horſe in deſpair, he threw himſelf on the ground. He had not long continued in that poſture, when the ſullen toll of a diſtant bell ſtruck his ear. He ſtarted up; and, turning toward the ſound, diſcerned a dim twinkling light. Inſtantly he ſeized his horſe's bridle, and with cautious ſteps advanced toward it. After a painful march, he was ſtopped by a moated ditch ſurrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and, by a momentary glimpſe of moonlight, he had a full view of a large antique manſion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were ſtrongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demoliſhed, and the windows broken and diſmantled. A draw-bridge, with

a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building. He entered; and inſtantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along, and vaniſhed: at the ſame moment the moon ſunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was ſilent. Sir Bertrand faſtened his ſteed under a ſhed; and, approaching the houſe, traverſed its whole front with light and ſlow foot-ſteps. All was ſtill as death. He looked in at the lower windows, but could not diſtinguiſh a ſingle object through the impenetrable gloom. After a ſhort parley with himſelf, he entered the porch; and, ſeizing a maſſy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and, heſitating, at length ſtruck a very loud ſtroke. The noiſe reſounded through the whole manſion with hollow echoes. All was ſtill again. He repeated the ſtrokes more boldly, and louder. Another interval of ſilence enſued. A third time he knocked; and a third time all was ſtill. He then fell back to ſome diſtance, that he might diſcern whether any light could be ſeen in the whole front. It again appeared in the ſame place, and quickly glided away as before. At the ſame inſtant a deep, ſullen toll ſounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful ſtop. He was awhile motionleſs; then terror impelled him to make ſome haſty ſteps toward his ſteed; but ſhame ſtopped his flight; and, urged by honour and a reſiſtleſs deſire of finiſhing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his ſoul to a full ſteadineſs of reſolution, he drew forth his ſword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand; he applied his ſhoulder to it, and forced it open. He quitted it, and ſtept forward; the door inſtantly ſhut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's body was chilled. He turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could ſeize it; but his utmoſt ſtrength could not open it again. After ſeveral ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, acroſs a hall, upon a large ſtaircaſe, a pale bluiſh flame, which caſt a diſmal gleam of light around. He again ſummoned forth his courage, and advanced toward it; it retired. He came to the foot of the ſtairs; and, after a moment's deliberation,

aſcended. He went ſlowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery. The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in ſilent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footſteps ſtartled him. It led him to the foot of another ſtair-caſe, and then vaniſhed. At the ſame inſtant another toll ſounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand felt it ſtrike upon his heart. He was now in total darkneſs; and, with his arms extended, began to aſcend the ſecond ſtair-caſe. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly graſped it, drawing him forcibly forward; he endeavoured to diſengage himſelf, but could not; he made a furious blow with his ſword, and inſtantly a loud ſhriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerleſs in his; he dropped it, and ruſhed forward with a deſperate valour.

The ſtairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches and looſe fragments of ſtones. The ſtair-caſe deſcended narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand puſhed it open; it led to an intricate winding paſſage, juſt large enough to admit a perſon upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light ſerved to ſhow the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered; a deep hollow groan reſounded from a diſtance through the vault. He went forward; and, proceeding beyond the firſt turning, diſcerned the ſame blue flame which had before conducted him; he followed it. The vault at length ſuddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midſt of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thruſting forward the bloody ſtump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing geſture, brandiſhing a ſword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly ſprang forward; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it inſtantly vaniſhed, letting fall a maſſy iron key. The flame now reſted upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock. With difficulty he turned the bolt; inſtantly the doors flew open, and diſcovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin reſted upon a bier, with a taper burning on each ſide of it. Along the room on both ſides were gigantic ſtatues of black marble, attired in the Mooriſh habit, and holding enormous ſabres in their

hands. Each of them reared its arm, and advanced one leg forward, as the knight entered; at the ſame moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame ſtill glided forward; and Sir Bertrand reſolutely followed, till he arrived within ſix paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a ſhroud and black veil roſe up in it, and ſtretched out her arms toward him; at the ſame time the ſtatues claſhed their ſabres, and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and claſped her in his arms; ſhe threw up her veil, and kiſſed his lips; when inſtantly the whole building ſhook as with an earthquake, and fell aſunder with a horrible craſh.

Sir Bertrand was thrown into a ſudden trance; and, on recovering, found himſelf ſeated on a velvet ſofa, in the moſt magnificent room he had ever ſeen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in luſtres of pure cryſtal. A ſumptuous banquet was ſet in the middle.

The doors opening to ſoft muſic, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing ſplendor, entered, ſurrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the graces. She advanced to the knight; and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs put a garland of laurel upon his head; and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and ſat beſide him. The nymphs placed themſelves at the table; and a numerous train of ſervants entering, ſerved up the feaſt, delicious muſic playing all the time.

Sir Bertrand could not ſpeak for aſtoniſhment; he could only return their honours by courteous looks and geſtures.

After the banquet was finiſhed, all retired but the lady; who, leading back the knight to the ſofa, addreſſed him in theſe words;—

"Sir Knight, The grateful remembrance of my delivery from the iron hand of the Mooriſh tyrant, who in dying bequeathed his ſoul to the prince of the air for the horrid purpoſe of confining me in this my patrimonial eſtate, ſhall never be eraſed from my memory. And if to you I own his power over me, it was but tranſient and of ſhort duration. With horror I view the remains of his now extinguiſhed faſcination; and though years have rolled after years, and involved in their courſe the

fate of my venerable anceſtors, yet I have at laſt the conſolation to find myſelf by your valour free from the machinations of Almanzor (for that was the name of the Mooriſh prince, whom our valiant king Edward brought over with him on his return from the cruſades). My father approved of my union with him, but, alas! I never beheld him without the utmoſt horror. His dark inſidious looks, compared to the open and undiſguiſed mien of him I had lately loſt in the troubles of the times, made me ſhudder. In an unlucky moment I was induced to ſign, in obedience to my father's will, a covenant with Almanzor, which he pretended would place me next heir to the Mooriſh throne. Each ſignature was made with our blood, and a requiem was afterward ſung for the ſucceſs of our union. But, alas! minds are not eaſily transferred. My ſoul owned allegiance to ſir Walter, a generous Knight of this country, and whom this horrid eaſtern tyrant had deſtroyed in conflict; and becauſe I peremptorily refuſed to drink his blood, this monſter ſwore he would invoke every power to confine me until ſome more valorous knight ſhould arrive to releaſe me from his hands. How long I have been enchanted, I do not know; but this I can declare, that from that time to the preſent I have not been free from horrid dreams like thoſe which are ſaid to infeſt the wicked in their graves." So ſaying, ſhe roſe up, and taking Sir Bertrand by the hand, led him to the couch, where he took his repoſe for a few hours. Early in the morning he took his departure, promiſing to return ſoon. He was as good as his word; and in a few days, the prieſt united them for ever. The marriage was attended with great pomp, both of eccleſiaſtic and military men, who all beſtowed the moſt liberal benedictions upon this happy pair.

THE STORY OF *FITZALAN.*

From the Monthly Viſitor.

IT was after ſun-ſet, one evening, in the decline of autumn, when, in conſequence of a letter which he had juſt

received, ſummoning him to attend the death-bed of a much-loved friend, the protector of his infancy, that Fitzalan, after having moſt affectionately embraced and bade adieu to his beloved wife Edith, and his infant Edwin, mounted his ſteed, and departed from his dwelling. He had many miles to travel; and a great part of the road he was to purſue, lay over a bleak and dreary heath of immenſe extent. He quitted his home, though only for a ſhort time, with extreme reluctance; and, notwithſtanding his haſte, while it remained in ſight, often ſtopped and looked back to catch another glimpſe of the place which contained all that he held dear. Edith, and her little boy, followed him to the gate; waved their hands to him while he remained viſible; and when the diſtance and the advance of night hid him from them, returned to the houſe in a melancholy mood. Edith trembled for her huſband, though ſhe knew not why; the tears ſtole down her cheeks; and little Edwin, ſeeing his mother weep, claſped his arms round her neck, hid his head in her boſom, and mingled his tears with hers.

Fitzalan having at length loſt ſight of the dear objects that retarded his progreſs, purſued his journey with all poſſible ſwiftneſs; in a few minutes he entered upon the heath, acroſs which lay the road he was neceſſitated to take. Not a ſingle houſe was to be ſeen before him; not an individual traveller appeared, whoſe preſence and converſation might enliven the tedious way he had to go. It was now night, and the moon had not yet riſen. The chilling wind, that howling mournfully through the trees ſcattered their ſhrivelled yellow foliage upon the ground; the gloomy, ſpectre-like appearance of every ſurrounding object; the late parting from his wife and child; and the painful nature of the duty he was then going to perform, all contributed to fill the boſom of Fitzalan with the moſt melancholy reflections. "It is now ſixteen years ago," ſaid he to himſelf with a ſigh, "ſince my brave and tender father diſappeared on this heath; ſlain, moſt probably, by the ſword of ſome vile aſſaſſin. Would to God that I could avenge his death! but, alas! I know not his murderer. The venerable Sir Edmund too, the friend, the guardian of my youth; he, whoſe liberality preſerved my independence, when the

rapacious Fitzurban wreſted from me my paternal domains—he will, perhaps, ere I can arrive at his caſtle, be no more! I ſhall not have the ſad ſatisfaction of cloſing thoſe eyes that were ever turned upon me with the tendereſt affection. I ſhall not receive the bleſſing of him who delighted to contribute to my happineſs; but yet, all is not loſt. My faithful lovely Edith, my little Edwin, ſtill remain; and while I poſſeſs them, I cannot be miſerable."

In this manner Fitzalan gave vent to his meditations. He had now travelled over one-third of the heath, when he imagined that he heard, at a great diſtance, as the gale wafted the ſound, the trampling of horſes feet; he ſtopped for a moment, in hopes that ſome one might be journeying the ſame way with himſelf; he liſtened; but not again hearing it, he ſuppoſed that he had been deceived by the wind ſweeping through the branches of the old half-leafleſs trees that were thinly ſcattered over the heath. He therefore proceeded; but, in a few minutes, again heard very plainly the noiſe of horſemen, advancing with great rapidity; he once more halted, and, favoured by the wind, and the ſtillneſs which reigned around him, heard one of them ſay to the other, "By'r lady! Walter, I wiſh we were well out of this adventure; for if he ſhould prove ſuch a lion-hearted fellow, as I have been told he is, it may, perhaps, coſt us ſome broken bones, if even it ſhould not turn out worſe." "Why, what a fool you are, Hugo!" re-joined the other, angrily, "Do you think that us two, well-armed, are not a match for him? It is very well that the baron does not hear you expreſs your childiſh fears; he would certainly ſend you to keep company with the ghoſts in the caverns of the caſtle; but, on the other hand, do but think of the angels * we ſhall get poſſeſſion of when we go back. Two hundred! think of that, Hugo, ſweet, pretty creatures, how I long to be fingering them. By St. Cuthbert! I ſhould deſire no better ſport than to have ſuch a commiſſion every day. Faith, I would ſoon be as rich as the baron; and not a whit leſs honeſt with it. But come, come, ſpur on, he cannot be far before us; and the ſooner we get through the buſineſs, the ſooner we ſhall get our

* An antient gold coin worth ten ſhillings.

reward. But, if we ſhould loſe him through your fears, you may e'en go back to the caſtle by yourſelf. For my part, I would as ſoon meet the devil as meet the baron, when he has been diſeppointed in one of his projects."

Fitzalan heard this myſterious diſcourſe with a conſiderable degree of anxiety. He was convinced that they were aſſaſſins; and though he knew not why, yet ſtill he was firmly convinced that he was the object of their purſuit. The aſſaſſins were now ſo near that they diſcovered Fitzalan, and loudly called out to him to ſtop. As Fitzalan diſdained the leaſt thought of flying from his enemies, even if flight might be of any avail, he turned his horſe, and, in an angry tone, demanded the reaſon of their inſolence. "Aſk no queſtions of us," replied the ferocious Walter, "but ſurrender yourſelf our priſoner." "Slave!" rejoined Fitzalan, inſtantly drawing his ſword, and advancing upon the ruffian, who was not backward in doing the ſame. Fitzalan, at laſt, diſarmed his opponent; and, at the ſame inſtant, received a blow on the temple from Hugo, who had ſlily got behind him, which ſtretched him ſenſeleſs on the ground. On recovering from his trance, he found himſelf bound to the horſe, his hands firmly faſtened behind him, and the horſe led by the two ruffians who had attacked him. He repeatedly aſked his conductors to what place they were conveying him, but he aſked them in vain; they preſerved the moſt profound ſilence. After having travelled acroſs the heath above an hour, the faint beams of the waning moon ſhowed, at ſome diſtance, the turrets of a caſtle, which appeared to Fitzalan to be that of the baron Fitzurban. He was right in his conjecture; it was the caſtle of Fitzurban; and thither were the ruffians conveying him. In a few minutes they reached it; and Walter having given the ſignal, the draw-bridge was let down. Fitzalan, when diſarmed, and faint with loſs of blood, finding it impoſſible to make any effectual reſiſtance, ſuffered himſelf to be taken off the horſe and fettered. He was now led by Hugo and Walter, with their ſwords drawn, into the inner court; and Walter taking a key from his pocket, applied it to a door, the lock of which being ruſty through age, it was ſome time before it could be made to open; but, at length, he ſuc-

ceeded. He entered, followed by Fitzalan and Hugo, and deſcended a number of ſteps into a paſſage of great length, damp and noiſome; from which many others branched forth; at the end of this paſſage, a maſſy door ſtrongly bolted preſented itſelf. Walter drew back the bolts, and unlocking the door, conducted Fitzalan into a dungeon of conſiderable extent, and wet with unwholeſome vapours. In one corner lay a bundle of ſtraw, almoſt rotten with age. "This, Sir," ſaid Walter, pointing to it with a malignant ſmile, "is your bed; I hope you will approve of it. We will leave you to your meditations; you will be but ſeldom diſturbed, I promiſe you."

"Baſe, daſtardly ſlave!" exclaimed Fitzalan, his eyes flaſhing with indignation. With a contemptuous ſneer, Walter and his comrade now quitted the dungeon; and as they faſtened the bolts, harſh and ruſty from the lapſe of years, Fitzalan felt his heart die within him. He flung himſelf on the bed of ſtraw, in a ſtate of mind nearly allied to phrenzy; a thouſand tender recollections preſented themſelves to him, and every one of them contributed to render his preſent ſituation more horrible: torn, for ever, from his Edith! from his Edwin! manacled in a dungeon; and, perhaps, on the verge of death; not a ray of hope illumined the dreary proſpect before him. "Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, "If I had been doomed to fall in the fair face of day, on the field of glory, I had indeed been bleſt; but to be thus immured and ſhackled! fated, too, to periſh by the hand of ſome vile aſſaſſin, inglorious and unrevenged! thus to fall, and from thoſe! it is too much for mortal endurance." In exclamations like this, of mingled grief and indignation, Fitzalan gave utterance to his feelings. Yet, diſaſtrous as his preſent ſituation was, the thought of the ſorrow which his Edith would ſuffer from his loſs gave him a thouſand times more unſufferable agony than the dangers to which he was expoſed. Walter and Hugo, after having ſecured Fitzalan, proceeded to give the baron an account of the ſucceſs of their miſſion.

They found him waiting for them with the utmoſt impatience. "Well, my truſty friends," exclaimed he, the inſtant they appeared, "is Fitzalan in my power, beyond the poſſibility of eſcape?" "He is, my lord,"

anſwered Walter, "as ſafe as locks, bolts, and the dungeon under the north tower, can keep him." "The north tower! the north tower!" repeated the baron in a hurried tone, preſſing his hands forcibly againſt his forehead, while his eyes flaſhed with all the wildneſs of phrenzy. His minions looked firſt at their lord, and then at each other, with an expreſſion of ſurpriſe. In a few moments the baron recovered himſelf, and continued the diſcourſe. "Do not be alarmed, my friends," ſaid he, "a violent pain ſhot through my head, but it is gone, and I am well again. I thank you both for your fidelity; here is the reward which I promiſed you. This is but a ſmall part of what you ſhall receive when my happineſs is confirmed. Now that the hated Fitzalan is in my power, it will be a matter of very little difficulty to effect the completion of my wiſhes. To-morrow night you will proceed to execute the plan which I unfolded to you. Be faithful! and reſt aſſured, that I will reward you beyond even the utmoſt extent of your hopes. Hugo! to your care I commit the man I deteſt. At preſent you may both retire." They bowed and obeyed.

When he was ſomewhat recovered from his tempeſt of paſſion and agony, Fitzalan roſe from the ground, and with agitated ſteps paced his priſon, carefully examining every corner of it, in expectation of diſcovering ſome outlet that might afford him the hope of eſcape, though ever ſo diſtant. His ſearch was not in vain. A part of the wall, when ſtruck, returned a hollow ſound; this proved to be a ſmall door, which he ſuppoſed led to ſome other of the dungeons under the caſtle. His heart roſe on this diſcovery. With an eager hand he ſought to find the bolts or locks, but without effect; it appeared to be faſtened on the other ſide, and the maſſineſs of the plates of iron with which it was defended, mocked every attempt to procure a paſſage by force. It was not, however, till he was entirely worn out by the violence of his exertions, that Fitzalan deſiſted from endeavouring to accompliſh his purpoſe. Baffled in all his efforts, and made more wretched by their failure, he threw himſelf on his damp and half-decayed heap of ſtraw. All was ſolemn ſilence; except when it was broken by the rattling of his chains, or when the caſtle-bell in deep and ſullen

tones announced the lapſe of the hours. Fitzalan ſeveral times imagined that he heard a low but heavy groan, which ſeemed to him like that of a perſon expiring; and twice or thrice he heard the bolts of the door he had diſcovered juſt grated, as though ſome one were ſtriving ſoftly to draw them back. He liſtened each time with the moſt profound attention; but not hearing any thing more, concluded that it was the effect of his over-heated and bewildered imagination. After ſeveral hours of indeſcribable ſuffering had elapſed, the agonized and exhauſted Fitzalan ſunk into ſlumber. But to him, ſlumber was no reſpite from anguiſh. Innumerable dim and indefinable but horrid forms appeared to float before him, and view him with ſcowling and portentous aſpects.

Now he thought that he heard a more than mortal voice call upon him to execute vengeance on a murderer. He ſtarted; the ſcene changed; the murderer, fallen beneath his ſword, lay lifeleſs at his feet; it vaniſhed, and he beheld his Edith kneeling for mercy, his little Edwin clinging round her neck, ſcreaming in terror, while a ruffian, whoſe dagger was ſtained with the half-congealed blood of recent murder, was in the act of ſtabbing her. He ſprang forward to ſave her, and awoke, every limb convulſed, and the cold drops of horror trickling down his frame. "Merciful God!" he exclaimed, my unprotected Edith!"

Thus paſſed the hours, till at laſt the dawning day appeared through a narrow oblique perforation in the wall, which juſt ſerved to keep the air of the dungeon from total ſtagnation. Fitzalan could now examine his priſon more minutely than before. This he did, but with no better effect. The door remained impervious to all his efforts; and the window, if ſo it might be called, gave ſtill leſs proſpect of eſcape; for independent of its form, length, and narrowneſs, it was firmly ſecured, both inſide and out, by thick iron bars, which almoſt excluded the little light and air which was intended to be admitted. Once more then, Fitzalan in deſpair gave up his ſearch, and endeavoured to diſcover the motives of his impriſonment, but in vain. He was rouſed from his reverie, by the unbarring of the dungeon-door. It opened; and Hugo entered, armed, and with a drawn ſword in his hand. He

brought with him a pitcher of water and a ſmall loaf, which he laid down near the door, and inſtantly departed without uttering a word. Heavily indeed paſſed the hours of this day; night at laſt came, and brought with it the ſame horrors as the preceding one. He ſtill thought that he heard at times the deep chilling groan, and the hand endeavouring to remove the faſtenings of the door which he had found impaſſable. He ſlept; again, the voice called for vengeance; again, the murderer lay ſlain; again, his Edith appeared on the brink of ruin; and he thought that now, with a frantic voice, ſhe called on him to ſave her from deſtruction.

About noon the next day the doors unbarred, and Hugo entered, armed, and bringing, as before, a loaf and pitcher. "Tell me," cried Fitzalan, ſtarting from the ground, "by what authority, and for what purpoſe, I am brought here. To what fate am I doomed?" "To death," anſwered Hugo. "It is decided upon. To-night, when the caſtle-clock ſtrikes twelve, expect your executioners. Recommend yourſelf therefore to God, and prepare for your end. I wiſh," added he, in a ſoftened tone, "that I were to have no part in your murder; but were I to refuſe, my own life would be the forfeit." Saying this, he cloſed the door, leaving Fitzalan in a ſtate of mind bordering upon madneſs. In exclamations of the moſt unbounded rage, in vain attempts to force a paſſage from his dungeon, and in meditating upon the helpleſs ſituation of his wife and infant, hour after hour paſſed away, till at length the bell announced eleven. Fitzalan now rallying his ſcattered ſenſes, proſtrated himſelf in ſupplication to the father of mercy, and implored his protection for his Edwin, for his Edith. When he pronounced theſe dear names, all his reſolution vaniſhed; his dreams recurred to his mind, and he felt an overpowering and ominous fear for their ſafety. A hollow groan rung through the cell; he ſtarted, looked wildly round, and liſtened; but all was ſilent. In a few minutes the caſtle-clock began to ſtrike the hour of twelve. Its heavy tone ſunk to the heart of Fitzalan. It was to him the voice of death. With a harſh and hideous ſound the bolts flew back. "They come," exclaimed Fitzalan; and ſprang from the ground, reſolved,

though unarmed, to reſiſt to the laſt, and, if poſſible, not to die unrevenged. The door, which he had ſo often tried in vain, flew open, and a pale light gleamed through the dungeon. The blood of Fitzalan ran cold in his veins, as his eyes met the form of a venerable old man, on whoſe face was the pallid hue of diſſolution. In his left breaſt, which was bare, appeared two deep and mortal wounds. The figure beckoned to Fitzalan, whoſe faculties were all abſorbed in awe and wonder; to follow which, recovering from his ſurpriſe, he obeyed. The fetters with which he was bound, inſtantly fell from his limbs. He followed his guide, and entered the next cell, which was illumined by a faint radiance, whoſe ſource was not viſible. The door cloſed upon them, and the bars jarred together; his conductor advanced to near the centre of the place; then ſtopped; and turning round, pointed to Fitzalan a human ſkull laying on the ground, and by its ſide a dagger; from their condition, they appeared to have lain there many years. Fitzalan ſhuddered at the ſight; and involuntarily ſtooping, took up the dagger. His guide fixed his ſunken eyes on him with an expreſſion of the utmoſt ſatisfaction and tenderneſs, and extended his arm toward a door near them, which directly opened; then articulating with an awful voice, "vengeance on my murderer!" diſappeared, leaving the dungeon in total darkneſs.

Fitzalan pauſed for a moment; it ſeemed to him the deluſion of ſome delirious dreams. He pauſed but for a moment; a thouſand blended ideas and recollections of the paſt and preſent ruſhed acroſs his brain, and he turned to execute the command he had received. As he paſſed out of this place, he heard the doors of his late priſon unbarring, and he ſhuddered at the thought of the fate allotted to him, which he had ſo wonderfully eſcaped. He turned up a narrow winding pair of ſtairs, and traverſed ſeveral ſuites of apartments without meeting any one. As he paſſed along, he heard a voice; he ſtopped and liſtened, and heard the perſon exclaim, "By this time it is all over, and I ſhall be happy. Happy! wretch that I am, how can I talk of happineſs? Haunted day and night by ten thouſand fiends, my life is a burthen; yet I dare not die. Was I not deeply damned enough before, but I muſt plunge myſelf yet deeper in perdi-

tion? O it may not be too late to ſave this one crime. Ho! Walter, Hugo, touch him not, I charge you! Ah! that bleeding form which glares upon me! O forgive me! O ſpare that frown, it freezes my heart!" The voice was ſilent for a moment, and then continued, "Fooliſh phantaſies! Shall I be the ſlave of fear? No, let him die. I ſhall now enjoy what I have long wiſhed for. If ſhe reſiſts, force ſhall bend her ſtubborn ſpirit. Shame! ſhall I be foiled by a woman? Oh, my brain fires again! And have I dipped my hands in blood? have I doomed my ſoul to eternal miſery, for a woman? Firſt damned by avarice, then by luſt, it is vain for me to hope for mercy from heaven! Then let me ſeize on every pleaſure here, nor think of hereafter. To think is madneſs. Peace! conſcience, peace! I will not hear thee! She ſhall be mine." Fitzalan, wrought to phrenſy during this ſoliloquy, had raiſed his dagger: a door now opened juſt before him, from which Fitzurban came out, with a lamp and ſword in his hand. As ſoon as he ſaw Fitzalan, he ſhrieked, dropped the ſword, and before he could call for mercy, felt the dagger in his boſom. He fell; and ſeeing Fitzalan prepare to repeat the blow, feebly uttered, "Hold! in mercy hold your hand! It is enough!" The attendants, alarmed by the noiſe of their lord falling, now came in, and bore him to a couch. Yet ſuch was their hatred of him, that not one of them offered to moleſt Fitzalan. The dying man motioned with his hand for the ſervants to retire farther, and Fitzalan to advance. "O much injured knight," he groaned, "can you forgive me? Will you ſpeak peace to my departing ſpirit? O look not ſo ſternly! Yet I deſerve it. I have ſinned beyond hope of pardon. But I muſt be ſpeedy in my tale, I feel the hand of death upon me! O God! O Chriſt! O ſave a wretched ſinner! Alas! for me there is no hope." Weak through loſs of blood and agony, Fitzurban fainted; when he recovered, he continued—"It is now more than ſixteen years ſince, to gratify my avarice, I cauſed your father to be ſeized as he was travelling, and conveyed to this caſtle. He fell in one of the

dungeons of the north tower by the hands of an aſſaſſin. I gained poſſeſſion of his domains by the vileſt means. I robbed you of your birth-right; but I loſt my peace; ſince that hour I have been a ſtranger to happineſs. Suſpecting all, and hated by all, I have exiſted the moſt miſerable of wretches. Sleeping or waking, the ſpirit of your father has unceaſingly been preſent; has ſtill frowned on me, and threatened me with vengeance for my crimes. O ſave me from him! Now he ſmiles on me with ſcorn, and bids the fiend ſnatch my trembling ſoul. O mercy! mercy!" Terror ſtopped his utterance. In a few moments he was more calm, and proceeded—"Two years ago, I firſt ſaw your Edith, and inſtantly" "Where, where is my Edith?" cried Fitzalan impetuouſly. "Ruffian, reſtore her to me." "She is ſafe and ſpotleſs," anſwered the dying Fitzurban—"reſtrain awhile your juſt indignation, and liſten to me. From the time I ſaw your Edith, I felt a freſh fire burning in my breaſt. I deviſed a thouſand plans to get her into my poſſeſſion; and as faſt as I had formed, rejected them. It was not till four days ago, that I formed the ſcheme which I put in practice; and which has righteouſly ended in my deſtruction. I wrote the letter in the name of Sir Edmund, well knowing that you would fly to your friend. The reſult you know. Your Edith was deluded in the ſame manner by a letter which I diſpatched yeſterday morning, and which was pretended to be written by your orders from the bed-ſide of Sir Edmund. She likewiſe fell into the ſnare, and was brought hither. I have ſeen her but once, when ſhe received me with indignation, and awed me into ſilence by her frowns. Enraged by this reception, I ordered Hugo and Walter to diſpatch you in the dungeon; and reſolved to uſe force, if I could not by perſuaſion conquer the hatred of Edith. Heaven in its juſtice has reſtored you to liberty, and I fall the victim of my own wickedneſs. Would to God that my death might expiate all my crimes! I make you the heir of all my domains. May you long be happy with your Edith! O ſpeak pardon and peace to my guilty ſoul. Yet a ſhort time, O ſpare me, heaven!

—O I am loſt—they ſeize me—Mercy, Lord, mercy!" He faintly ſhrieked, averted his head, as if to ſhun the ſight of ſomething dreadful, and expired before Fitzalan could pronounce the entreated forgiveneſs.

After gazing a few moments on the corpſe of the lifeleſs Fitzurban, whoſe features were fixed in convulſive agony, Fitzalan ordered one of the ſervants to conduct him to the chamber of Edith. When he entered ſhe was ſitting abſorbed in grief, with Edwin laying in her lap, and the tears trickling from her eyes upon him. As Fitzalan advanced, ſhe lifted up her head, and frowned; but as ſoon as ſhe perceived her lord, ſhe ſprung into his arms. Edwin bounded toward him, clung round him, and expreſſed his joy by a thouſand infantine, endearing actions. Fitzalan embraced her with the moſt unbounded rapture; and when the tumult of joy had a little ſubſided, proceeded to relate his adventure in the dungeon, in the following words:—

"My dearly beloved Edith," and with theſe words he tenderly embraced her, "Heaven has rewarded you for your conſtancy. Fitzurban, that ſlave whoſe cankered mind projected our ruin, is no more! It was his contrivance by a letter to draw me from your arms, and by the ſame artful means to bring you here for violation. His dying confeſſion to me made me tremble. He related, that in the ſame dungeon whence I have but juſt emerged, my father expired under the bloody hand of an aſſaſſin. Like me he was way-laid, and being overpowered by force, was led to this place, where his ſhort confinement concluded with his death. Like him, I was to have ſuffered under the ruffian hand of ſervile murderers, but heaven has averted the ſtroke by ſending the ſpirit of my father to my aſſiſtance. It was he who furniſhed me with the dagger, the inſtrument of his own death, for the deſtruction of Fitzurban his mortal enemy, and deſperate though juſt retribution has lain him at my feet. It is juſt now in my power to right myſelf. He has bequeathed his own domains to me, and reſtored what he had unjuſtly uſurped from my father; and thus, my dear Edith, heaven rewards the patience of the faithful ſervant."

STORY OF THE *WEIRD SISTERS.*

A Scottiſh Tale, from EDMUND of the FOREST.

JAMES III. of Scotland, having conferred the honour of knighthood on Edmund, for his gallantry in ſaving his ſiſter from being thrown by her horſe at a ſtag-hunt, ever after made him his favorite companion. Having propoſed a hunting match in the Caledonian woods, where a wild boar, the terror of thoſe parts, then ranged, he was attended by a number of his nobles, and his favourite, Edmund.

The boar was quickly rouſed, and the firſt wound given by James. Furious with pain, the beaſt turned on his royal foe, who received him with his ſpear, which was ſhivered to pieces by the ſhock. Already were the tuſks of the ſavage faſtened on the noble ſteed the king rode, when a well-directed blow from Edmund almoſt ſevered the chine of the fierce animal, who was quickly diſpatched by the ſpectators of the combat.

James mounted a freſh horſe, and ere long another boar was raiſed, who taking his courſe to the north, ſeemed by his ſpeed to ſet his purſuers at defiance. Eagerly the monarch and his friend followed the flying animal, unheeding that their company decreaſed, till they loſt toward evening the boar, and found they were deſerted even by the domeſtics, and that the dogs, wearied with the chace, had quitted them.

The country round was wild and deſolate; no houſe appeared where they could inquire their road, or be ſheltered from the night.

A reedy lake bounded their ſight to the north; to the weſt lay high hills, whoſe tops were gilt by the declining ſun; eaſtward, the high, barren, and deſolate heath, on which they were, ſtretching beyond their fartheſt view; while to the ſouth was ſeen an ancient wood, near which they had paſſed about the time the boar had diſappeared. Concluding that ſome of the attendants, ſuppoſing they had entered the woods, were

there ſearching for them, the king propoſed to Edmund they ſhould return thither.

As the ſun declined, a miſt aroſe from the lake; but no ſooner was it ſet than the heath was enveloped in a fog, which gave to thoſe objects it did not entirely conceal, ſtrange and falſe appearances. It was nearly dark when they reached the wood.

"Surely," ſaid Edmund, "no perſon of your ſuite can be here; doubtleſs ere now, if they were, they would have followed and found you."

As Edmund looked on the king, he ſaw his countenance pale, and exhibiting marks of unuſual fear.

"Turn," he cried, "my friend, your ſteps from this blaſted wood, which ſhelters, I well know, no domeſtic of mine; for, if I miſtake not, this muſt be the place I have heard ſuch horrid tales concerning."

"My life I ſhall ſell dearly in your defence. Say, my liege, is this gloomy wood the retreat of robbers and murderers? or what is it you fear!"

"No human creature, if report ſays true, Edmund, returns from this fatal wood, to tell the deeds of darkneſs acted in it. My attendants, I gueſs, would quit us ere we paſſed a ſpot whoſe fame is widely diffuſed."

"What is it of which fame ſpeaks ſo loudly?"

"Know then," ſaid the king, "long after the light of chriſtianity was ſpread over Scotland, that the Danes, who poſſeſſed the Orcades, practiſed the horrid rites of paganiſm, and reared here alſo their idols, before whom barbarous and bloody rites were practiſed. To thoſe falſe deities, if tradition ſays true, which tranſmits the tale to theſe latter days, was this wood conſecrated; and in its inmoſt gloomy receſs, it is ſtill believed, ſtand the remains of a palace of thoſe pagan kings, where ſtill it is told dwell women who mock at our holy religion, and ſecretly pay homage to an accurſed idol, which is hid by them during the day, obedient to whoſe potent ſpells the unbleſt ſpirits, who it is ſaid walk here their nightly rounds, fly on their miſchievous errands, aſſuming ſuch ſhapes as beſt fit their purpoſe."

They had left the wood for a conſiderable ſpace behind them, when a light appearing through the fog,

which they hoped proceeded from ſome cottage which they had not obſerved, they rode forward in that direction with all the ſpeed their over-wearied ſteeds would permit.

The light ſeemed to retreat, and glimmered from the ſame diſtance, as when they firſt remarked it, though now in a different place, for it appeared to the weſt. They ſtood—it vaniſhed, and a low indiſtinct murmur was heard. Again a brighter light ſhot in another direction, through the duſky air.

"Let us," ſaid Edmund, "proceed." Which with their eyes fixed on the light that now appeared ſtationary, they did ſome way; but when they imagined it within a ſtone's throw of them, their horſes, as if obedient to the mandate, refuſed to proceed, though urged by the ſpur, as a voice diſtinctly cried, "Stop." At the ſame moment the deceitful glimmering vaniſhed. Dazzled by ſo long beholding it through the thick and almoſt palpable fog, ſtrange and unuſual forms ſeemed to ſwim before their ſight. No ſound was heard; all was ſtill for a few ſeconds; when a kind of ruſtling noiſe ſmote on their ears, and the dun vapour which ſurrounded them was violently agitated—again all was ſtill, which was broke by a voice at a diſtance, harſh and grating, crying,

"Whither go you, ſiſters, thus in gloom?"—
"With Scotland's king, to learn his doom,"

was the anſwer given by a loud and diſſonant voice near them.

"And Scotland's king, and England's heir,
Shall equal be our choiceſt care,"

ſcreamed another voice ſtill more diſcordant.

Amazed and terrified, Edmund exclaimed, "Who are you, who, thus wrapt in gloomy darkneſs, pierce with loud and ſtrange outcries our wonder-ſtruck ears?"

A peal of laughter ſhook the miſty air; the horſes trembled in every joint; and to the flowing mane of the king's beautiful ſteed a lambent kind of fire affixed itſelf, who, no longer obeying the curbing rein, flew forward with amazing ſpeed, followed by Edmund with equal velocity. In vain did they endeavour to ſtop their

rapid career—they ſeemed impelled by ſome powerful impulſe, and entered the wood, of which traditionary tales had told wonders.

Down the broad avenue, up which they were borne, ſtreamed a blaze of light that illumined the night, and ſhowed them a building of an odd and antique form; but ſhowed it only momentarily; for as they reached the gate it vaniſhed, and all was total darkneſs, while, exhauſted by fatigue, the ſwift courſers of the king and Edmund fell beneath them.

The gate ſtood open; and while diſengaging themſelves from their dying horſes, they ſpied a pale light proceeding from a door at the extreme end of a wide hall, whoſe dark ſide received not the fainteſt ray.

"Too ſure are we," ſaid James, "in the fatal wood of which I ſpoke; nor ſhall we eſcape from its dreaded incloſure."

"Let us, however," exclaimed Edmund, "learn why we are brought hither; let us follow the light, which ſeems to direct our ſteps acroſs the gloomy hall."

"Lead on," replied the king.

A chill damp ſtruck them as they paſſed through the ſpacious hall, whoſe roof echoed to their ſteps. A narrow paſſage led from it to another apartment, in the midſt of which blazed a fire compoſed of the prodigious root of a tree, round which lay three blocks of unhewn ſtone.

At the upper end of this hall ſtood a rude kind of table, on which were placed cakes of flour, ſalt, and honey: and horns filled with an unknown liquor.

"Whither," exclaimed the king, "does our deſtiny lead us? To what end are we tempted by the ſight of proviſion, which, however urgent are our wants, we will not eat of? Already, doubtleſs, have they been offered to thoſe accurſed idols of which tradition ſpeaks, I fear, but too truly. Let us rather periſh with hunger, than taſte ſuch poiſonous viands."

The walls of this apartment were compoſed of black ſtone, againſt which, immediately above the table, hung a ſuit of iron armour, of a ſize ſo prodigious, that it ſeemed formed when a race of giants inhabited the

earth; on the helmet ſat a raven, which, as Edmund approached, ſeemed as though going to dart down upon them.

"Let us," ſaid he, ſnatching up a flaming brand, "explore the wonders of this place."

Three doors appeared beſide the one they had paſſed through, which alone was open; the others were too ſecurely faſtened to be ſpeedily looſened; and entering the paſſage, they were again in the hall, on whoſe walls were traced characters of odd, and to them, unknown form; on each ſide the gate roſe a pillar, which, dreadful to every feeling of piety and humanity, was compoſed of human ſkulls. From the top was ſuſpended a ſhield, a javelin, and other weapons, whoſe ſize ſeemed ſuited to the gigantic armour.

A deep and deadly horror ſeized the king of Scotland and his friend, as without ſpeaking they returned to the outer apartment with countenances pale through fear.

"Shortly," ſaid Edmund, toſſing from him the brand, and ſeating himſelf on one of the ſtones, "we ſhall heighten thoſe dreadful pillars. Death here bears a terrible appearance to my ſoul. It ſhrinks at the idea; though oft ere now have I faced it, without fearing its terrors, in the field of battle."

"Thoſe ſad mementos of mortality," rejoined James, "we have ſeen, as I recall my thoughts from the firſt impreſſion they made, I dread not as warnings of our own danger; as they have, I conjecture, been placed there in remote ages by thoſe pagans who reared this ſtrange hall, in memory of ſome bloody victory they have obtained over the natives, and here yet remain, a diſgrace to chriſtianity, my predeceſſors, and myſelf."

The three doors, which had been cloſed, at one inſtant flew back, and three hags entered, whoſe faces, the colour of an autumn leaf, were deeply furrowed with wrinkles; yet their gait was ſtrait and erect, and betrayed no tokens of age. Tall and robuſt, their perſons appeared maſculine and ſtrong; their foreheads were bald, but from the back of their heads hung thick treſſes, dark as the raven's wing, which fell over

their ſhoulders, and mingled with their garments, which were of the ſame hue, and looſely floated behind them, but faſtened up before, ſhowing their naked feet and midway to the knee; bare alſo to the ſhoulders were their arms, Their duſky robes were girded round them with the ſpeckled ſkin of a ſnake; in this girdle were ſtuck ſprigs of yew, mixed with the deadly berries of the nightſhade; in one hand they held a wand, on which were painted uncouth characters; to the top of this were affixed the wings, overſpread, of a bat; their other hands bore a horn, filled with ſome kind of liquor.

Three animals followed, whoſe forms declared them of the ſpecies of tigers, for they ſeemed much larger and fiercer than cats; their eyes glared on the ſtrangers, as if ready to devour them; the colour of thoſe frightful ſavages was alſo black; they ſeated themſelves on the blocks of the ſtone, from which their entrance had drove the king and Edmund.

Slowly, in a kind of meaſured ſtep, the three hags advanced backward to the fire, which when they reached, they bent three times each knee to the ground; nine times, with ſolemn and ſlow pace, hand in hand, they went round the fire, repeating, in meaſured cadences, words which neither James or his friend underſtood, except that their own names were oft repeated; three times they ſeverally poured ſome of the liquid their horns contained into the fire, which blazed fiercely, diffuſing a ſtrong aromatic perfume.

Silently had the wondering mortals beheld theſe ſtrange figures perform their odd devotions, if ſuch they might be deemed; nor had they as yet appeared to have attracted their attention; but Edmund could no longer contain himſelf; and drawing his dagger, advanced, and ſtood before them.

The three women, if ſuch they were, turned toward him; one touched the arm of the intrepid youth with her wand, and the dagger dropped from his hand, which was ſuddenly benumbed.

The imperfect accent died on his tongue.

"What wouldeſt thou attempt, raſh youth?" ſhe cried; "know, no human hearts are lodged in our

breasts; thou wisheſt to underſtand what is our nature; ſpeak, doſt thou not? Take up thy uſeleſs weapon; whet it here on my ſide, if thou likeſt; that may ſuffice thee to learn our ſubſtance is not, like thine, ſubject to wounds or diſeaſe."

Edmund retreated ſome paces; then cried, "I am anſwered; thou divineſt truly, I wiſhed to learn who or what you are, who thus dwelling in this place, replete with wonders, practiſe ceremonies, of which I am now ſatisfied I had better remain ignorant; all I aſk, is liberty for my friend and ſelf; for that we depart not hence without your leave, I feel now convinced."

"Ere the ſun riſes on this middle world, your requeſt," ſaid one of the hags, "ſhall be granted; yet, perhaps for ever ſhall you and him you call friend be parted. Liſten then to what we tell."

"King of men," ſaid, with a voice deeply toned, the firſt, "what this night meets thy wondering ſight, if ever by thee revealed, ſhall work thy overthrow; but what thou heareſt, believe, 'tis caution good."

The ſecond ſpoke.—"Thy foes are friends; thy friends are foes; plots ſurround, and ſome ſhall ſtand, and ſome ſhall fall; ere to-morrow's ſun is ſet, wonderous tales ſhall meet thine ears."

"Care and trouble cloud thy days," cried in hollow accents, the third; "wild diſpute and bloody treaſon mark thy reign; and, ſtrange to tell, ere Scotia's crown thy ſon adorns, a lion by its whelps ſhall be devoured."

The firſt, then turning to Edmund, began:

"Much love, Sir Knight, is turned to hate,
And toil and terror round thee wait."—

"Then haſte, Sir Knight, and quickly go,
Or Scottiſh bands ſhall work thy woe,"

cried the ſecond, and ceaſed.

The third took up the tale,

"Thy fate does lead to ſouthern land;
Then haſte, Sir Knight, nor fate withſtand."

All three then loudly, in hoarſe accents, cried,

"King of men, thou know'ſt thy doom;
Thy fate, Sir Knight, is wrapt in gloom.
Yet Scotland's king, and England's heir,
Shall equal be our deareſt care."

The liquid contained in one horn was thrown on the king; a ſecond was poured over Edmund; and the third into the fire; when the hags joining their hands, wheeled round it with a flying motion—the flame forſook the wood. Borne upward in a chariot of fire, the three figures aſcended through the outlet in the roof, formed for the ſmoke, which filled the hall with a ſuffocating and offenſive ſmell.

The animals ſet up the moſt horrid cries; and ſurrounded by darkneſs, our adventurers knew not which way to eſcape their fury, imagining they were on the point of being devoured by them.

Croſſing themſelves, they betook them to their prayers, wondering how in ſo perilous a ſituation they could have neglected ere then to pray for aſſiſtance from whom alone they could hope to receive it.

The building ſhook to its foundation; the maſſy gate was heard flapping to and fro; the beaſts howled; the iron armour fell with a horrid noiſe; the raven flapped his heavy wing, and his ſcreams echoed through the wide hall. Suddenly all was ſtill; nor light, nor ſound met their eye or ear. They liſtened, but in vain; at length Edmund broke the fearful ſilence, by propoſing, as nought appeared to oppoſe their progreſs, they ſhould quit the frightful abode they were in.

But though the king agreed to the propoſition, it was not in their power to put it in practice; for the doors, which diſtinctly had been heard to open, were now ſhut.

A kind of ſtupor invaded every ſenſe, and they ſunk on the pavement, inſenſible to the horrors of the place, and wrapt in ſleep which reſembled that of death.

When they awoke (after having remained ſome time in the utmoſt inſenſibility) they found themſelves ſafe in the court of Scotland.

STORY OF RAYMOND CASTLE.

By Mr. BACON, from the Monthly Cabinet.

ON the borders of Scotland, in an obſcure glen, ſurrounded by a deep and almoſt impaſſable moat, for-

merly ſtood the caſtle of the baron Raymond; once the favourite reſidence of that noble family. The exiſting baron had retired from this ſeat of his progenitors, about twenty years, to a newly erected manſion, ſome thirty miles diſtant, on a report which was riſen among his domeſtics, that the image of the late lord was frequently ſeen in an apartment on the weſt ſide of the caſtle. This opinion of the caſtle being haunted was readily adopted by the ſurrounding peaſantry; and no one, after the cloſe of day, dared venture within ſight of it.

At this period, a war between England and Scotland raged with incredible fury; and the youth of each nation were invited to join the ſtandard of their reſpective ſovereigns. The baron Raymond exerted his intereſt among his tenantry and vaſſals, in favour of king David; but ſuch were the devaſtations of the Scottiſh monarch, and his marauding army, that many of his ſubjects joined the forces of the victorious Edward.

Among the numerous clans and individuals that fled from Scotland, was a youth of majeſtic mien and manly form, the ſon of a vaſſal of the houſe of Raymond; who having from his infancy diſcovered a propenſity for war, had engaged the notice of the baron, and with his ſon, two years younger, had been inſtructed in the uſe of arms. Glanville (for ſuch was the name of the young peaſant) ſuſpecting that his lordſhip would command his attendance upon lord Edward, then on the point of ſetting out to join the forces of his ſovereign, privately ſtole away from the village, intent to follow the banners of the Britiſh monarch.

Having continued his walk the whole day, he reached the ſkirts of a gloomy foreſt, that ſheltered from the rude blaſts of the north the caſtle of Raymond. He ſtood a few minutes, and gazed on the ſcene around, in hopes of diſcovering ſome cot, or ſhepherd's hovel, where he might paſs the night. No one appearing, he ſtruck into the foreſt, and, after half an hour's walk, arrived at the oppoſite ſide; the ſun had now ſunk beneath the horizon; and its laſt reflections, which pointed upon the lofty battlement, diſcovered to him the abandoned caſtle. He was an utter ſtranger to this part of

the country, and, conſequently, knew not that the houſe to which he was haſtening was uninhabited, or that it was denominated the Haunted Caſtle. His nearer approach diſcovered to him that it was untenanted; but his weary limbs required reſt, and he therefore determined to paſs the night in the venerable ſtructure. The laſt glimpſe of day had fled the ſky when Glanville reached the moat, or rather ditch (for it was entirely dry); the banks of which having fallen in, formed an eaſy acceſs to the houſe. The building was compoſed of two wings, or turrets, with a ſpacious dome in the centre, the door of which time had mouldered into duſt; ſo that, without reſiſtance, the weary traveller was admitted. A ruſtling kind of noiſe ſucceeded the entrance of the young adventurer, and, for the firſt time in his life, he felt an emotion ſomewhat allied to fear; but his breaſt, the ſeat of innocence and virtue, ſoon repelled the trembling viſitor, and aſſumed its wonted calmneſs.

The cautious youth, before he left his parent's houſe, aware that the country through which he had to paſs was thinly inhabited, and bare of accommodations, had taken with him thoſe implements by which that neceſſary element, fire, is raiſed into action; and which to a traveller, in a country void of inhabitants, is ſo very eſſential. Having, therefore, procured a light, he found himſelf in a ſpacious hall, overgrown with weeds and ruſhes; around the walls and ceiling, which were very lofty, the cluſtering ivy crept; and here the ſolemn bird of night enjoyed, unmoleſted and at eaſe, her ſolitary reign, where, ſheltered from the inclemency of the ſky, ſhe built her neſt and reared her young. The ſtrange appearance of the light alarmed the moping race, who taking wing, fled from their once peaceful dwelling, and this unwelcome gueſt. The noiſe which their ſudden flight occaſioned, echoed through the vaulted dome, and again called forth, in the mind of the aſtoniſhed Glanville, the tremors of fear, which ſubſided with the knowledge of the cauſe from whence the ſounds aroſe. All was again ſilent, and the youth advanced. A flight of ſteps, riſing from the hall, led to the weſtern tower;

theſe Glanville aſcended, and ſoon reached a ſuite of rooms, diſrobed of every article of furniture. Extending his ſearch, he reached a door, in which he diſcovered a key, but ſo covered with ruſt, that it indicated its refuſal of executing the office for which it was deſigned. Its ſervice, however, was unneceſſary; for, on touching the lock, the door immediately opened, and diſcovered a ſmall but neat apartment, which, from the furniture it contained, had the appearance of having once been a lady's dreſſing-room. On a table placed between two gothic windows, ſtood a mirror, near to which lay a ſmall caſket. Glanville, reſting his lamp upon the table, took it up, and placing his finger on the ſpring, it flew open, and preſented the miniature of a youth in the habit of an officer. He approached the light to have a more perfect view of the face, and, ſtarting a few paces back, exclaimed, "Father of Mercy! what do I ſee?—My very ſelf in this counterfeit preſentment!" In the greateſt aſtoniſhment he took it from the caſket, and on the obverſe ſide read the following words: "Wentworth, ſixth lord Raymond."

"From this it appears," ſaid he, "that the reſemblance of the late lord Raymond is here preſerved. I have heard the preſent baron did leave the caſtle of his anceſtors on an idle report, that his immediate predeceſſor, after death, was often wandering among the chambers of his earthly habitation. If in this there be any ſenſe of truth, then, it ſhould ſeem, I am now incloſed within the walls of this deſerted manſion. A thouſand thoughts," continued he, "ruſh into my mind, and would be heard. I do recollect me, walking in the park one evening, to have ſeen the baron bending on the vacant air his diſordered eye, and holding with the wind diſcourſe: his frame ſhook, as if the fear of diſſolution was drawing near, and, as I paſſed, he ſhrieked aloud, and fell [illegible] on the ground. Often has he ſeized my arm, and gazed with ſtreaming eyes upon my face. Once, I well remember, repeating this, his frequent practice, he heaved a ſigh, and cried, '*Glanville! thou art the very ſemblance of my murdered*

uncle!' The words, and the action that did accompany them, are ſtill freſh in my memory; and, at this moment, I know not wherefore, occur with more than common force: but I am too weary for thinking, and ſleep lies heavy on my eyes. Here will I reſt myſelf this night," ſaid he, throwing himſelf upon a ſopha, which ſtood in the room, "and to-morrow, will give theſe things a farther thought."

Fatigue had ſo oppreſſed the ſpirits of the youthful traveller, that he ſoon fell into a profound ſleep. His repoſe was undiſturbed; nor did he ſhake his ſlumber off till the ſun-beams darted full upon his face, through the broken lattice of his apartment. Starting from his couch, he gazed like one juſt wakened from a dream, ſuſpended in doubt, till the adventures of the preceding day recurred to his memory, whether that he ſaw was real, or the viſion of created fancy. "If there is ought to be believed in dreams," ſaid he, "then thoſe I have had to night portend ſome ſtrange event. Methought, as I lay ſleeping, a ſpectre, iſſuing from that door, approached the couch and gazed attentive on my face. Long it ſtood in mute and ſilent admiration. I ſaw the tear of ſorrow trembling in its eye: the ſmile of hope ſucceeded, and, as it left the room, I roſe to watch its departure, when, its eyes ſtill bent on me, in a hollow tone of voice it cried, '*At the mid hour of night, fail not to meet me here!*' then inſtantly vaniſhed from my ſight. But this," continued he, after a ſhort pauſe, "is the work of mimic fancy, an idle dream, no more."

"*More!*" anſwered a hollow voice, from beneath.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the wondering youth; "ſuch was the voice that I heard in my ſleep!—Say, thou inviſible and perturbed ſpirit, are thoſe things, which in my ſlumber's buſy memory treaſured up, real, or of ſportive fancy? Speak, for on thy anſwer depends my return to this lonely manſion."

"*At the mid hour of night, fail not to meet me here!*" anſwered the voice, in the ſame hollow tone.

"Then reſt in peace," ſaid Glanville; "for by the hopes of conqueſt that fire a ſoldier's breaſt, I will meet thee at the appointed hour."

A hollow groan ſucceeded, accompanied with a loud and thundering noiſe, which ſhook the very foundation of the caſtle.

When the noiſe had ceaſed, Glanville falling on his knees, ſolicited from heaven fortitude and courage to meet the horrors of the approaching night; and then taking from the table his ſword, together with the caſket that contained the miniature of the late baron, he deſcended the ſame flight of ſteps which had conducted him to the apartment where he had paſſed the night; and having recroſſed the moat, aſcended a neighbouring hill, on the brow of which he perceived a miſerable hut. The tenants of this clay-built tenement received him with hoſpitality, and offered him ſuch refreſhment as their hovel afforded, which, poor and humble as it was, proved very acceptable to Glanville, who had not taſted food from the time he left his father's houſe.

From the door of this cottage the turrets of the abandoned caſtle were ſeen juſt peeping above the ſurrounding trees; and Glanville, whoſe thoughts were wholly occupied in reflecting on the occurences of the preceding evening, and in anticipating thoſe events which the womb of futurity laboured to bring forth, anxiouſly queſtioned his hoſts on the ſubject of the building being deſerted by its owner, and left to moulder and decay. From theſe he learned the name of the caſtle, and the circumſtance which had determined lord Raymond to leave it; but of the former baron they poſſeſſed not the leaſt knowledge.

The agitation of his mind received no relief from this information; and having thanked theſe cottagers for the repaſt they had afforded him, he bade them good day, and directed his way toward the foreſt, in which he intended to paſs the remainder of the time between the preſent and the hour that was to lead him to the caſtle.

When he had reached the thickeſt part of the wood, he threw himſelf on the graſs; and drawing the miniature from his pocket, he gazed on it with the moſt earneſt attention, and gave himſelf up to painful and tormenting conjecture. From this reverie he was arouſed by this emphatic ejaculation, "Thank A-

mighty God, I have found him!" Suddenly raiſing his eyes, he ſaw before him his foſter-father, who, on miſſing him in the village, had, at the requeſt of his mother, purſued him. The old man, perceiving that his ſon looked coldly on him, eagerly inquired, with tears in his eyes, if he was not glad to ſee him.

"O, yes," ſaid Glanville, ſtarting from his reverie, and aſſuming a cheerful countenance, "that I am! Never did your preſence glad my ſight ſo much as at this moment: for thou art come, my father, to clear my mind of doubts that ſhake my peace, and, like a poiſonous canker, deſtroy the bud of happineſs. Either my ſuſpicions have made me the moſt ungrateful wretch alive; or they prove me the moſt injured of mankind. Speak, ſay, who was my father? Nay, do not ſhrink thus from the queſtion; but as thou hopeſt for mercy hereafter, tell me who my parents were; for there have ariſen circumſtances which might perſuade a ſtronger mind to think myſelf of higher birth than my preſent fortune ſpeaks me."

"I know not how to anſwer," ſaid the trembling Jolet (ſuch was the peaſant's name); "yet do I well know thou art no ſon of mine."

"How then did I come beneath your roof? Thou didſt not ſurely ſteal me, Jolet. Thou couldſt never be ſo cruel, to rob the doating mother of her tender charge, or tear from the anxious father's fond embrace the pledge of conjugal felicity."

"O, no, my ſon (for in affection thou art ſtill my ſon), theſe hands were never engaged in theft. From every diſhoneſt act I am as pure as you were when, an helpleſs infant, and ſmiling in the ruffian's face, I ſnatched thee from his uplifted dagger."

"Ha! murder! Oh, my ſoul ſickens at the very thought!—But tell me all thou knoweſt of my life; by what myſterious workings of Providence thou ſaved me from intended murder, with every circumſtance that lives within thy memory."

"The tale is very ſhort, my ſon, nor has it eſcaped my recollection. Returning from the borders of England, where I had been with a herd of cattle, and

ſomewhere near the ſpot we now reſt on, I ſat me down to take refreſhment; and while thus employed, I ſaw a man with ſomething in his arms glide among the trees. Apprehending him to be one of the numerous banditti which at that time lurked in theſe parts, I crept, unperceived, behind a thicket, hoping to eſcape his obſervation; but I ſcarce reached my hiding place when he approached, and with much gentleneſs laid what he held in his arms on the graſs, and unfolded the mantle, which I perceived contained an infant. From the ruffian's manner, I thought his buſineſs was to murder it; and yet he heſitated, ſighed heavily, and kiſſed the babe, which all this time lay ſtretching its little limbs and ſmiling in his face. At length, plucking up as it were a determined reſolution, he drew from his boſom a dagger, and at the moment when he had thrown remorſe aſide, and was prepared to ſtrike, I ruſhed from my ambuſh, ſeized his upliſted arm, and ſnatched the weapon from his trembling hand. Without ſpeaking, he inſtantly darted into the thickeſt part of the foreſt, while I raiſed the infant in my arms, and haſtened on my journey, taking a different road than was uſually travelled, to eſcape purſuit, and, thank God! reached my cottage in ſafety. Never ſhall I forget the tranſport of Cicely when I gave thee to her (for we had no children). She hugged thee to her breaſt with as much fondneſs as if thou wert indeed her own, and brought thee up, Glanville, with as much care."

"And never, my dear father (for I will ſtill call thee ſo," ſaid Glanville), "will I forget the debt I owe my mother and yourſelf." He then related to the aſtoniſhed Jolet the adventure of the preceding night, and informed him of his intention to reviſit the caſtle after the cloſe of day. The honeſt peaſant, alarmed for his ſafety, propoſed accompanying him, but Glanville would by no means conſent. He conducted him to the cottage at which he had himſelf been in the morning, and obtained leave of the good people to accommodate Jolet for the night, intending to return in the morning, and purſue his journey to the Britiſh camp, which was at a ſhort diſtance from this place.

The reſt of the day, though relieved by the converſation of Jolet, appeared to Glanville extremely tedious; and he hailed, with no ſmall degree of pleaſure, the arrival of the moment in which he was to return to the caſtle.

Though Glanville perſiſted in his refuſal to Jolet's requeſt of paſſing the night with him, he could not object to his accompanying him part of the way. This requeſt Glanville acceded to, in order to quiet the mind of his foſter-father, which appeared to ſuffer greater agitation than even his own. Farther than the moat, however, he would not permit him to advance. Here he took a ſolemn farewel of him for the night; and Jolet, with reluctance, returned to the hovel, while Glanville entered the ſolitary caſtle.

His entering of this deſerted manſion was marked by the ſame diſturbances as occurred the evening before; nor had it leſs effect on his mind, which, notwithſtanding the fortitude it had aſſumed, was conſiderably agitated. As before, he aſcended the ſteps, and reached the ſame apartment in which he ſlept. The ſilence of the place, which was interrupted only by the ſtated cries of the bittern, and the ſcreams of the hoodwinked bird of night, increaſed the palpitation of his heart. He felt unuſual tremblings, and, had not his limbs ſeemed to forget their accuſtomed office, he would willingly have re-trod his former ſteps, and fled the horrid ſpot. He was riveted to the place, and, however willing, was unable to move. A few minutes reflection reſtored him to himſelf; and his mind became invigorated from the conſciouſneſs of ſelf-rectitude. He employed the intervening time in a ſolemn addreſs to the Divine Being, for ſtrength and ſupport in the approaching hour, that was to diſcloſe, he believed, a moſt important ſecret—a ſecret in which his fate was materially involved. Scarcely had he finiſhed his pious ejaculations, and riſen from his ſupplicating poſture, when a violent guſt of wind ruſhed through the apartment. This was ſucceeded by a ſimilar noiſe to that he had heard in the morning.

With breathleſs patience he turned his eyes toward the door, and trembling, waited the ſpectre's approach.

With ſlow and ſolemn ſpace it entered the room; its figure and dreſs exactly correſponded with the miniature; and, before it ſpoke, Glanville knew it was the form of the late baron.

"Diſmiſs thy fears, brave youth," ſaid the ſpectre, in a hollow ſounding voice, "for innocence like thine has nought to dread. I come to confirm the ſuſpicions that hang on thy mind; and to tell thee, that in this mangled form, thou beholdeſt the ſhadow of him who once was owner of this deſerted manſion, the lord of Raymond's wide domains. The wretch who now holds that title, obtained it by the fell crime of murder! yes, by murder of his deareſt friend; and the blow that deprived me of life and fortune, robbed thee, my boy, of a father!"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Glanville, "then are my ſuſpicions confirmed indeed! But how did he effect this cruel deed?"

"My murderer was the ſon of my only brother; who having at an early age loſt his parent, I took under my protection, and well ſupplied the loſs he had ſuſtained. The feuds that broke out between the neighbouring nations, and kindled up the flames of war, urged me to the hoſtile plain. My ungrateful nephew was my attendant, whoſe ſanguine mind, heated by ambition, and panting to enjoy thoſe honours which by right of birth were mine, amidſt the contending ſhock of arms aimed an arrow at my breaſt. Too certain was the aim, too ſure my fall. With well diſſembled grief he mourned my fate, and paid to my remains a ſoldier's funeral honours; yet before theſe obſequies were done, he diſpatched a ruffian to my widowed love, with commiſſion to diſcloſe my death, and, under that pretence, to ſeal his title to my fortunes, by ſending her, and thee, her new-born ſon, to bear me company in the gloomy confines of the grave."

"And was my mother murdered too?" interrupted the agitated and impatient Glanville.

"The ſudden news of her huſband's fate ſpared the murderer's intended purpoſe. She ſurvived not the melancholy tidings. Thus far fortune favoured his

curſed deſign, and thou alone remained the obſtacle to ſtop his guilty progreſs. But even this difficulty his genius, fertile in miſchief, ſurmounted. Such of the ſervants whom he ſuſpected of too ſtrong an attachment to their deceaſed lord, he found means to diſcharge; and then introducing thoſe more friendly to his intereſt, he gave thee to a ruffian, with ſtrong injunctions to deſtroy thy life; and, the better to conceal this wilful murder, conveyed a deceaſed infant to thy cradle. This part of his infernal plot ſucceeded to his wiſhes; all believed thy death was natural; but here the arm of heaven interpoſed, and ſnatched thee from the murderer's graſp, who, diſappointed in the proſecution of this horrid purpoſe, beſmeared his hands with blood, returned to claim the promiſed bounty, and confirmed thy death with horrid oaths and dreadful imprecations. What follows, thou thyſelf art well acquainted with. Now liſten, my ſon, to thy father's charge. Haſten hence to join the forces of the Britiſh king, to whom the name of Raymond is well known. In the adverſe army thou wilt meet thy father's murderer; hunt him through every rank; he will fall beneath thy conquering ſword; yet ſpare his hated life, till, in the preſence of the royal Edward, he has confeſſed the crime that clogs his guilty ſoul. Fear not the juſtice of the Engliſh monarch; he will place thee in the poſſeſſion of thy family's honours and eſtates, and thus appeaſe the manes of thy departed ſire. Do this, my ſon, as thou hopeſt for future happineſs, and revere the memory of thy murdered friends."

The ſhadow then glided from his ſight, and the trembling Glanville, unſheathing his ſword, and preſſing it to his lips, ſaid, "And this I ſwear to do, or may I never receive my birth-right! May ceaſeleſs poverty be my lot! diſgrace and infamy my portion!"

Eager to purſue the advice which he had received, he haſtened from the caſtle, and ſought the ſhepherd's hovel, where the ſleepleſs Jolet impatiently waited his return.

The footſteps of Glanville, as he approached the hovel, were heard by the watchful Jolet, who immedi-

ately opened the door, and in a whiſper aſked if he was well. Glanville anſwered his paternal inquiry, and informed him of the neceſſity of his immediately joining the Engliſh forces. Jolet requeſted to accompany him; but Glanville, who knew the importance of his evidence in the momentous buſineſs which now occupied his attention, would not permit him to attend him to a place where, it was more than probable, he might loſe the benefit of his allegations. He ſtrictly enjoined him to re-enter the cottage, and wait till the labours of the day called its inhabitants from their pillows, that he might thank them for the ſhelter they had afforded him; and then to return home, keeping himſelf, as much as poſſible, from the notice of the baron and his family, if they were not ſet out to join the arms of David; and, above all, to conceal the route he had taken, that he had ſeen him, or was privy to the fate that had befallen him.

Jolet promiſed to obey his injunctions, and was going to queſtion him on the occurrences of the night, and his adventure at the caſtle; when Glanville checked his curioſity; and telling him that a ſhort time would unfold all he wiſhed to be informed of, took an affectionate leave of the honeſt peaſant, and ſet out in purſuit of the Britiſh camp.

A variety of thought preſented itſelf to the agitated mind of the young ſoldier, as he purſued his uncertain way. The ſun had juſt riſen above the horizon as he entered a ſmall village, the inhabitants of which were in the greateſt conſternation, from the near approach of the enemy's forces; a party of which he learned were, at that moment, attacking a guard of men who were conveying forage to the Britiſh camp. This information rouſed the martial ardour of Glanville, who longed to enter the liſts with the combatants. A wounded ſoldier, who had eſcaped from the field, gave the melancholy tidings that, overpowered by numbers, the Engliſh were giving way; and that the proviſions muſt inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy; a circumſtance, he obſerved, which would entirely diſconcert the meaſures of the king, who com-

manded in perſon, and would oblige him to abandon the expedition he had planned. Glanville inſtantly mounted the wounded ſoldier's horſe; and haſtening to the ſcene of action, had the mortification to ſee the Engliſh retreating in diſorder, and the enemy ſurrounding the convoy. The captain of the party, inſtead of encouraging his men to brave the charge of their enemy, gave way on the firſt advantage, and was galloping off at full ſpeed, when Glanville reached the diſordered troops.

"For ſhame, Britons," he cried, in a firm and animated tone, "let not the cowardice of your leader damp your native courage! return to the charge, and ſhow the preſuming foe, that you dread not their numbers; but are determined to diſpute the field as become the ſoldiers of the king you ſerve."

Animated by the example of this gallant ſtranger, they rallied their broken forces; and, under the directions of this youth, returned to the charge. An obſtinate conflict enſued; but the ſuperior ſkill and bravery of Glanville and his followers at length bore down all before them, drove the enemy from the field, and conducted the convoy in ſafety to the camp.

Some of the party, who had fled from the field on the firſt appearance of a defeat, had ſpread through the camp the fatal tidings of the convoy's loſs; ſo that the utmoſt conſternation prevailed. On the ſafe arrival of this ſupply the king had built his hopes of conqueſt; and purpoſed, as ſoon as the ſoldiers were recruited in ſtrength, which had been much exhauſted by forced marches, and ſhortneſs of proviſions, to attack the forces of the Scottiſh monarch, which were encamped a ſhort diſtance from them.

Thus ſituated, thus loſt to every hope, and enveloped in the horrors of deſpair, imagine the exultation and joy which the arrival of a courier, whom Glanville had diſpatched in the moment of victory, charged with news of the convoy's ſafety and near approach, produced in the diſconſolate and almoſt famiſhed ſoldiery. The king himſelf, whom the meſſenger had apprized of the circumſtances of the day and of the extraordinary va-

lour of the ſtranger whoſe exertions ſaved the forage from falling into the hands of the enemy, went forth to meet the ſaviour of his people. Honours and rewards due to ſuch a conqueror were beſtowed; and the deſire which his majeſty expreſſed of knowing the perſon to whom he was ſo much indebted, afforded the modeſt youth an opportunity of relating thoſe particulars with which the reader has been made acquainted. It is needleſs to ſay, that he had the king's voice for his ſucceſſion to the houſe of Raymond.

It was a circumſtance well known, that the murderer, with his three ſons, was in the camp of David; and Glanville panted for the arrival of the moment that was to lead the oppoſing armies into action. This impatience in a few days was gratified; and in this memorable action the fictitious baron became the priſoner of his injured couſin, who after the battle conducted him to the tent of his royal patron; and in his preſence, and in that of his chiefs and nobles, charged the conquered baron with the foul crime of murder; adducing thoſe circumſtances with which, by the interference of Providence, he had been made acquainted, to ſupport the allegation. Theſe, however, were unneceſſary; guilt and remorſe were pictured in the villain's countenance, and he unequivocally confeſſed the crime.

The king ordered inſtant execution to be done upon him; but that was unneceſſary; the wound he had received from the ſword of Glanville rendered death inevitable; and, at the requeſt of that youth, the ſentence was ſuſpended.

The ambitious views which this imperious lord had formed, were now completely diſappointed. His family, whom he ſought to enrich and ennoble by the crime of murder, had all deſcended to the grave; the laſt that remained, he ſaw fall in this battle, and was himſelf now haſtening to that gloomy dwelling; not with the ſatisfaction of having paſſed a life of piety and virtue, but with the reproaches of a heart tainted with every vice, and where that of murder formed the chief.

Such was the end of an ambition, founded in murder. May this tale impreſs on the mind of the reader

the important truth it is intended to convey—that what is begun in vice cannot end in peace; and that however ſucceſsfully the cunning and artifice of narrow-minded mortals may plan the concealment of their crimes from their fellow-men, they are ſtill viſible to the all-ſearching eye of PROVIDENCE.

RUIN OF THE *HOUSE OF ALBERT.*

From RYAN'S Reliques of Genius.

ADELA was the only daughter of a powerful baron of Aquitaine. Her father ſprung from an illuſtrious family, and added to hereditary honours the glory of heroic atchievements. In his youth, he accompanied the banner of Godfrey, and recovered the holy ſepulchre from the hands of the infidels. He returned to his country, crowned with victory and fair renown; and inherited the rich domains of his anceſtors.

Adela was in the prime of beauty, and poſſeſſed a ſuſceptible heart. In her air and aſpect, dignity was mingled with ſweetneſs; for in the diſpoſition of her mind, conſcious elevation of ſentiment was ſoftened by amiable and mild affections.

Edwin, a gallant youth, animated with the generous love of arms, ſmit with the renown of Albert's proweſs, and ambitious of profiting by the narrative of his exploits, repaired with other warriors to his hoſpitable caſtle. His eye, keen and piercing, indicated a fiery, vigorous, and active ſpirit. His form was well fitted to kindle deſire in the boſom of tender maids; and the heart of Adela was not inſenſible to his merit. Their paſſion was mutual. He gazed on her unaffected charms with aſtoniſhment; for, till then, he had never felt the tender anxiety, the reſtleſs longing and languiſhment of love. Ambition had been the governing paſſion of his ſoul; but the fierceneſs of ambition now yielded to a ſofter though no leſs ardent deſire. He no longer diſcourſed in keen rapture of marſhalled hoſts, of liſted fields, and feats of venturous daring;

but languiſhed on the ineffable attractions of a roſeate complexion, and a tender melting eye. The vehement impatience of the warrior was loſt in the complacency and penſiveneſs of the lover.

Albert, perceiving this change in his deportment, demanded the cauſe. Edwin replied in candid and reſpectful guiſe: he told him, without reſerve, of the impreſſion made on his ſoul by the peerleſs beauty of Adela; and, with the ardency of youthful paſſion, beſought him to ratify his ſincere attachment by wedlock. "And who art thou," ſaid the haughty baron, "who pretends to the love of Adela? What feats of heroic proweſs haſt thou atchieved? Or is thy anceſtry diſtinguiſhed among the chieftains of the ſouth? Thy ſhield is inſcribed with no valorous atchievement; nor are thy deeds, nor the deeds of thy fathers, rehearſed by recording minſtrels. Gain thee a name in arms, and then aſpire to the envied alliance of the houſe of Albert."

Theſe words, like an arrow, penetrated the heart of Edwin. Love and ambition, hitherto at variance, were now united; they concurred in the ſame purſuit, and their vehemence was irreſiſtible. Accordingly the youthful warrior prepared for his departure, and took a tender farewell of Adela. "Farewell," ſhe replied, the tears guſhing from her radiant eyes. "Heaven knows, no gallant youth but thee ever ſhared my affections. May the holy angels, who regard true and virtuous love with eſteem, grant thee protection! Speedy be thy return! And O! remember me. Gay and courtly dames, ſkilled in ſeducement and cunning device, may ſtrive to allure thee; but their love will not equal mine." They plighted vows of mutual fidelity, and exchanged tokens of unſhaken attachment. Then Edwin, clad in complete armour, a gay undaunted warrior, mounted a ſteed proudly capariſoned, and bent his courſe to the plains of Catalonia, where the Saracen waded in the blood of Spain.

Soon after his departure, Edgar, a proud and wealthy chieftain, with a numerous retinue of knights and retainers, came to the caſtle of Albert. He was received with pomp and hoſpitable welcome. He caſt

amorous glances on the reſerved, unrivalled charms of Adela. He preferred his courtſhip with ſtudied ſmiles, and ſpeeches deviſed with cunning. She heard him at firſt with indifference; he perſiſted, and ſhe requited him with contempt. He then addreſſed his ſuit to the baron; he boaſted of the high renown of his anceſtors, and the wide extent of his domain; he expatiated on the number of his vaſſals; and inſiſted, in magnificent terms, on the mutual honour and ſecurity that would accrue from ſo ſeemly an alliance. Albert liſtened to him with partial and pleaſed attention; he repented of the hopes he had encouraged in the ſoul of Edwin; and endeavoured to perſuade his daughter to forget her attachment to the valiant youth. In vain the aſtoniſhed Adela lamented, wept, entreated; in vain ſhe threw herſelf at her father's feet, and tore her diſhevelled treſſes, and in anguiſh ſmote her breaſt. Her oppoſition, inſtead of mitigating his rigour, augmented his reſentment, and confirmed him in his ungenerous purpoſe. He mingled menaces and unkind reproach with his perſuaſions. "By the holy rood," ſaid he, with a faſtidious and wrathful aſpect, "the honour of my houſe ſhall not be ſtained by the pretenſions of a low-born boy. Degenerated as thou art, the meanneſs of thy ſentiments ſhall not fully the ſplendour of thine anceſtry, nor load my reſpected age with diſhonour. Receive the addreſſes of Edgar with ſuitable regard, and the deference due to my commands. Mean time preparations ſhall be made for the bridal ſolemnity, in a manner becoming the dignity of this alliance."

Adela, after remonſtrating in vain againſt the ſeverity of his commands, entreated, with an humble and dejected air, that the marriage ceremony might be delayed. "Can Edgar," ſaid ſhe, "prize the cold and conſtrained embraces of a heart that throbs for another? Will the ſighing and anguiſh of a broken ſpirit accord with the fond careſſes of a bridegroom?" To Edwin my faith was plighted, and on him my imagination hath dwelt. Give me time, therefore, to divert the current of an affection too violent to be ſuddenly oppoſed; to diſcourage the reveries of fancy, animated by a legal

and habituated paſſion; and to reconcile myſelf to the addreſſes of Edgar." As her reaſoning was plauſible, the nuptial ſolemnity was deferred. But, as ſoon as ſhe had retired from her father's preſence, ſhe ſummoned a page in whom ſhe confided, and ſpoke to him in the following manner: "Prepare thee for a long journey; ſaddle the fleeteſt of my father's ſteeds, and during the obſcurity of the night depart. Hie thee to the banks of the Ebro; find Edwin; tell him of the perils that beſet me; tell him that a wealthy and powerful rival, with coſtly parade, and glittering ſhow of blazonry, hath impoſed on my father, and inſinuated himſelf into his eſteem." The menial bowed with humble obeiſance, and with profeſſions of diligence and fidelity departed.

Meantime Edgar preſſed his ſuit with courteous phraſe and dalliance. Daily tournaments were exhibited at the caſtle of Albert. The knights and barons of the neighbouring domains attended; but Edgar ſurpaſſed them in the ſplendour of his armour, and the pomp of his retinue. The hall reſounded with revelry and rejoicing; and minſtrels, clad in gaudy apparel, celebrated the praiſes of warlike chiefs, or ſung the power and pleaſures of love. Adela arrayed her countenance with ſmiles and courteſy; but her boſom was diſtracted with anguiſh. "O when," ſhe cried, "ſhall I be delivered from the importunity of a deteſted ſuitor, and the bondage of feigned complacency? When will Edwin return, adorned with conqueſt, and confident with ſucceſs? His merit ſhall ſhine unrivalled; and Edgar ſhall be covered with ſhame."

At length the page returned; and, repairing to the apartment of his mournful miſtreſs, "Now heaven forefend," ſaid he, "moſt gracious lady, that the tidings I bring ſhould injure thy tender frame more than thou art able to endure! May the ſaints and miniſtring angels uphold thee!" "Hath he periſhed?" cried Adela, with a look of terror and amazement. "In what bloody field hath he fallen? Where lies the lifeleſs body? What barbarous adverſary hath mangled and inſulted his graceful form?" "He hath not periſhed,"

replied the attendant. "But, O gentle lady! foul arts have been practiſed; ſhameful perfidy hath been committed. Edwin lives, but not for thee; he hath given his hand to another!" "Peace! peace!" interrupted Adela, with a faltering utterance, and looks of aſtoniſhment mixed with anger, "reſtrain thy blaſphemous ſpeech, nor with baſe calumny aſperſe the fame of a true and gallant warrior." "When," anſwered the menial, "have I been guilty of deceit or infidelity toward my gentle miſtreſs? Full ſore it grieveth me to be the meſſenger of evil tidings." "Rehearſe them unreſervedly," cried Adela, with a tone of anxious impatience.

"I purſued my journey," ſaid he, "many days, without any adventure, till I came within ſight of a ſtately caſtle. It ſtood on the brow of a woody hill; was garniſhed with towers and battlements; and commanded a wide proſpect of cultivated fields and foreſts. As I advanced, mine ear was ſuddenly ſurpriſed with the din of hounds and horns, mingled with the cries of the huntſmen. I ſoon deſcried a gallant ſhow of knights and ſplendid dames, mounted on milk white courſers, and purſuing the rapid deer. When the chace was ended, they ſtopped by the ſide of a chryſtal brook; and a comely youth, arrayed in ſhining apparel, alighted from his foamy ſteed, and with courtly obeiſance preſented the prey to a fair and ſmiling lady. I mingled in their company, and in the lineaments of the courteous youth recogniſed the inconſtant Edwin. O gentle lady, may heaven ſo help me in my utmoſt need, as I now ſpeak the words of truth! And may the ſaints and holy angels ſo ſuccour thee as thy miſhap requires! The faithleſs youth hath committed treaſon againſt thy love. Seduced by the blandiſhment of an artful dame, he hath become forgetful of thy peerleſs beauty."

The heart of Adela throbbed with anguiſh during the recital. "Valorous heroic warrior!" ſhe exclaimed, "are theſe thy deeds of hardy proweſs, to betray the innocent credulity of an eaſy maid? Stain to manhood, and the honoured profeſſion of arms, be thou henceforth baniſhed from my remembrance!"

Meanwhile Edgar advanced his ſuit with redoubled

ardour. Albert, unable to brook any longer delay, inſiſted on having the bridal ceremony ſolemnized; and Adela, incited by ſecret pride and reſentment, ſubmitted to the will of her father. The report of this noble alliance was publiſhed through the land; and the kindred of Albert and Edgar, with the neighbouring barons, were aſſembled to grace the ſolemnity. Already were the parties betrothed; the holy benediction was alſo pronounced; and for ever was Adela to be the wedded ſpouſe of Edgar. Now, with pompous ſhow and attendance, the banquet was ſerved up to dames and knights, the flower of courteſy and valour. The caſtle reſounded with minſtrelſey and the dance; when a ſtranger, in the ſimple garb of a pilgrim, entered the hall. He caſt his eyes around on the goodly company, and with an air of ſanctity and reſpect implored a bleſſing on their fellowſhip. He was received with hoſpitable welcome, and the reverence due to his holy ſemblance. He ſpake in meek and modeſt guiſe; his eyes were often fixed on Adela; they were ſometimes dimmed with a gliſtening tear; and ever and anon his boſom heaved with involuntary ſighs. He took the harp of a minſtrel; he touched the ſtrings with maſterly cunning, and accompanied the notes with a melodious voice. Tuneful but melancholy was the ſtrain: he ſung the ſorrows of thoſe that are forſaken: the anguiſh of a deſponding ſpirit; and the wounds inflicted on a faithful heart, by inconſtancy and proud diſdain. He deſiſted, with marks of grief and inward contention. "Holy pilgrim," ſaid Albert, "the ſenſe of calamity devours thy ſpirit. Inform us of thy miſhap, that, if poſſible, we may adminiſter comfort. Nor think it incompatible with bridal feſtivity, to indulge compaſſion, and aſſuage the torment of heartfelt care."

"I am the ſon of a freeman," replied the ſtranger; "and though my birth was not ennobled by ſplendid titles, nor my anceſtry diſtinguiſhed by the parade of blazonry, my boſom burned with the love of arms, and my heart was upright. In an unlucky hour I became enamoured of a gentle dame, the only daughter of a noble baron. My ſincere though preſumptuous ſuit ſeemed not diſpleaſing to that peerleſs beauty; and with the ardent, intemperate boldneſs of a lover, I aſked her in marriage of her ſire. 'Go,' ſaid he, 'gain thee a name in arms, and then aſpire

to the envied alliance of my houſe.' I departed, not without tender interchange of vows and tokens of affection with the beloved idol of my heart. I haſtened to the plains of Catalonia, where the Saracen was waging fierce battle againſt the banner of the holy croſs. I proffered my ſervice to the chief of the Chriſtians; and that my ſword was not idle, and that I was not backward in the ſtrife of arms, my honourable wounds can teſtify. Neither were my ſervices, nor my thirſt after martial fame, unrewarded. Fair recompence have I received, and the ſun of glory hath gilded the obſcurity of my birth. Rejoicing in my ſucceſs, I haſtened my return. But what power of utterance can expreſs the agony of my ſoul, when I learned that the faithleſs and inconſtant fair had yielded to the vows of another? I who was ſo true and loyal to my love and plighted troth, to be ſo ſoon forgotten, ſo ſoon forſaken!"—

"Enough, enough!" cried Adela, "O ill-requited lover! pierce not my ſoul with deeper wounds. O Edwin! Edwin! never was I inconſtant. Bear witneſs, ye holy angels! But traitorous guile hath been practiſed. Thy integrity hath been impeached, and my vexed heart betrayed into error."

The eyes of all were now turned on the ſtranger. He threw off his diſguiſe, and inſtead of a pilgrim's ſtaff, he graſped a keen and trenchant weapon. Reſentment glowed in his cheek, and flaſhed from his fiery eye. "And who," ſaid he, "hath impeached mine integrity? Stand forth, thou proud, but daſtard baron, whoſe gloſſing tales have betrayed the unwary heart of a maiden. It is Edwin demands reparation." Conſcious fear was manifeſt in the diſordered features, the pale cheek, and diſconcerted air of Edgar. He nevertheleſs accepted the challenge: and the warriors, arraying themſelves in complete armour, deſcended into the court of the caſtle. In the firſt onſet, the well-tempered ſteel of Edwin cleft the creſted helm of his adverſary; he threw him to the ground, and diſarmed him. "Confeſs thy guilt," ſaid the conqueror, "and ſay by what infamous arts thou haſt accompliſhed thy deſign." "By gifts and glittering gold," he replied, "I corrupted the page of Adela, who, with counterfeited ſemblance of fidelity and regret, accuſed thee of inconſtancy, and impoſed falſehood on the ear of his miſtreſs. I em-

braced the ſeaſon of her excited reſentment, and forwarded my ſuit with ſucceſs. She is mine by the indiſſoluble ties of wedlock: and know, proud boy, that if thy hands be ſtained with my blood, it is the blood of Adela's huſband; and if ſhe receives thee to her boſom, ſhe receives the ſlayer of her ſpouſe."

Edwin ſtarted with apparent horror. He pauſed; but recollecting himſelf, "Ariſe," he cried, "and, by another trial, prove thyſelf worthy of that envied title." So ſaying, he raiſed him from the ground, and both warriors addreſſed themſelves a ſecond time to the fight. Edgar, burning with exaſperated rancour, aimed his ſpear at his rival's breaſt. Edwin neither averted nor avoided the deadly blow. The keen weapon cleft his breaſt, and was tinged in the purple ſprings of his heart. He fell to the ground. "Farewel," he cried, "Adela! lady peerleſs! and dearly beloved. I have proved myſelf worthy of thy eſteem. I die a ſacrifice to thy repoſe. With my hands red with thy huſband's blood, could I ever aſpire to thy love? Could I ſurvive and behold thee the wedded bride of another?" He heaved a ſigh, and died. "Inhuman deed! cried Adela, tearing her lovely treſſes, and beating her ſnow-white breaſt. She ran, ſhe threw herſelf on the lifeleſs body. "O ſtay!" ſhe exclaimed, "O leave me not in my woe! Return, fleeting ſpirit! Reanimate theſe pallid features! He heeds me not.—I heard a voice! a dreary voice! It was Edwin! He ſummons me away!—I come! I come! Let the nuptial bed be prepared! The clay-cold bed!"—So ſaying, ſhe claſped the corps, and expired.

Inſtantly the page, who had been corrupted by Edgar, ſeizing a dagger, ruſhed behind that treacherous baron, and pierced him to the heart. "Periſh!" he cried, "author of my ruin, and of the ruin of the houſe of Albert." He grew immediately frantic: he ran forth furious and ſcreaming: the memory of his crimes purſued him, and his reaſon was never reſtored.

Holy requiems were chanted over their remains; and pious prieſts preferred oriſons for their eternal repoſe. Albert, unable to ſuſtain the weight of misfortune, forſook the habitation of his anceſtors; and, expoſing his old age to the fatigues of a pilgrimage, fought the holy land, and there paſſed the remainder of his days in a monaſtery.

MARY,

A Fragment, from the Monthly Cabinet.

THE caſtle-clock ſtruck one; the night was dark, drear, and tempeſtuous. Henry ſat in an antique chamber of it, over a wood fire, which, in the ſtupor of contemplation, he had ſuffered to decreaſe into a few half lifeleſs embers; on the table by him lay the portrait of Mary; the features of which were not very perfectly diſcloſed by a taper that juſt glimmered in the ſocket. He took up the portrait, however, and gazed intenſely upon it, till the taper, ſuddenly burning brighter, diſcovered to him a phenomenon, he was no leſs terrified than ſurpriſed at. The eyes of the portrait moved; the features, from an angelic ſmile, changed to a look of ſolemn ſadneſs; a tear of ſorrow ſtole down each cheek, and the boſom palpitated as with ſighing.

Again the clock ſtruck one—it had ſtruck the ſame hour but ten minutes before. Henry heard the caſtle-gate grate on its hinges—it ſlammed to—the clock ſtruck one again; and a deadly groan echoed through the caſtle. Henry was not ſubject to ſuperſtitious fears; neither was he a coward; yet a hero of romance might have been juſtified in a caſe like this, ſhould he have betrayed fear. Henry's heart ſunk within him; his knees ſmote together, and, upon the chamber door being opened, and his name uttered in a hollow voice, he dropped the portrait to the floor; and ſat, as if riveted to the chair, without daring to lift up his eyes. At length, however, as ſilence again prevailed, he ventured, for a moment, to raiſe them, when—my blood freezes as I relate it—before him ſtood the figure of Mary in a ſhroud; her beamleſs eye fixed upon him with a vacant ſtare; and her bared boſom expoſing a moſt deadly gaſh. "Henry! Henry! Henry!" ſhe repeated in a hollow tone—"Henry! I am come for thee! thou haſt often ſaid that death with me was preferable to life without me; come, then, and enjoy all the extaſies of love theſe ghaſtly features, added to the contemplation of a charnel-houſe, can inſpire;" then, graſping his hand with her icy fingers, he ſwooned; and inſtantly found himſelf ſtretched on the hearth of his maſter's kitchen; a romance in his hand, and the houſe-dog by his ſide, whoſe cold noſe touching his cheek, had awakened him.

FINIS.

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